

I'll Find Him by alien_lord

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Summary:

Joyce tells Hopper Will's missing. There's more to their relationship than meets the eye.

I'll Find Him

Joyce had been in Hopper's office for close to an hour, chain smoking cigarettes. She frantically tapped them on the edge of the ashtray, but occasionally ash missed and fell onto his desk. She'd sweep them into the palm of her hand and shake them back into the dish, but it left ash streaks on the wood, and when she rubbed them on her pants it left ash there too.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Hopper arrived. Joyce jumped to her feet, "Will is missing!" She told him, her voice quivering with emotion, her eyes wide and dilated. Hopper could tell she was stressed, and her wild hair and hand movements confirmed it.

"Joyce-" he raised a hand to her, walking around behind the desk. "Are you sure he isn't out playing with his friends?" Joyce shook her head wildly, "None of them know where he is. We don't even know if he came home last night-" she tapped her cigarette frantically.

"You don't know if he came home last night?" Hopper's voice was disapproving.

Joyce looked up at him and narrowed her eyes. "I was working, Hopper. I came home late, and I went to bed. I have to pay the bills-"

Hopper cut her off again, "I'm not shaming you, Joyce. What about Lonny? Could he be with him?" He knew Lonny hadn't been around, but it was worth a try to ask.

Joyce sighed, and she shook her head, stubbing out her cigarette before lighting up another one. "I haven't heard from him in about a year."

"Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, the kid is with the other parent." Hopper told her, lighting up his own cigarette and pulling out a notepad. "How about you give me Lonny's number and I'll give him a call-"

"What about the other one?" Joyce asked him, frantically.

Hopper cocked his head to the side, “What do you mean?” He looked her over, and he felt bad for her. The stress was getting to her, it wasn’t as if Joyce had an easy time raising the two boys, and now, this.

“You said ninety nine out of a hundred-“ her eyes wide, “What about the other time?”

Hopper sighed, he didn’t want to encourage her paranoia. “Just – give me Lonny’s number.”

Joyce shook her head. “I’ll call him, but he won’t talk to you.”

Hopper pursed his lips. It wasn’t just because he was a cop, or in Lonny’s terms, a pig, Joyce and Hopper had history.

“Fine- you call him.” He wasn’t in the mood to argue, and his head was still pounding from drinking the night before.

“He’s going to turn up-“ Hopper told Joyce, “He’s probably just skipping school-“. He pictured Will biking around town on his bike with his friends, goofing off, being a youth.

Shaking her head wildly, Joyce disagreed, “Not Will. Not my boy-“. She took a long drag on her cigarette before adding, “He loves school.”

Hopper placed both of his big hands on his desk. “Alright. Call Lonny, I’ll start getting together some people to look for him.”

Joyce looked relieved, and heaved a sigh. “Thank you Hop, I really appreciate it-“

Hop sighed, and stood up, pushing his chair in. “Head back to your house in case he turns up-“

Standing quickly, Joyce nodded. “Jonathan’s been there all morning, but I’ll head back.” She headed to the door, and rested her hand on the knob.

“Hop-“ she turned to look at him, trying to form words.

“Don’t start with me Joyce-“ He sighed, looking out the window. “I’m upset too-“.

Joyce opened her mouth, starting to say something else, but she didn’t know what to say.

“I’m scared too-“ he heaved a sigh, lighting another cigarette. “I’ll find him-“.

Joyce turned the knob, and looked down at the ground. “Find him, Hop. Find our boy-“, and with that Joyce was gone.

Leaving Hopper to stand in his office, and think about all the mistakes he’d made in his life, and everything he should have done differently. Yes, Will was his son, and yes, he should have claimed him, but he hadn’t. He’d dated Joyce in high school, and then he’d moved away to the big city to work. He’d come back several times though, and one of those times he’d met Joyce at a bar, after she’d had a big fight with Lonny. They’d hooked up, and the outcome was Joyce’s pregnancy with Will. However, Hopper was already married, and he didn’t want to break it off with his wife. Joyce kept the baby a secret from him, until Will was three. When Joyce told him, he was shocked, but he didn’t know what to do. Lonny thought he was the father, and Hopper was already a dad to Sarah. Joyce and him decided to keep things the way they were, and let Will think that his father was Lonny.

Hopper hit his fist off the desk. He couldn’t lose another child. If he’d just been in his sons life, maybe this wouldn’t have happened. He’d already lost Sarah, he couldn’t lose Will too. He didn’t really know him, but he knew he was a bright young boy. He couldn’t deal with the loss of another kid, and the effect it would have on Joyce would be horrific. He still had feelings for her, and he wanted to keep her safe. He grabbed his coat, and put it on, he was going to start the search, and he was going to bring Will home.

Author's Note:

Kind of want to write more of this, I really like Jim x Joyce.